

Spartan: 10

by Drache Prinz

Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2005-09-24 01:45:49

Updated: 2005-09-24 01:45:49

Packaged: 2016-04-26 23:58:16

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 708

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Set many years before the event of the game Ryan252 and Kara098 are two spartans fighting against the rebels.

Spartan: 10

"Ryan, hurry! We only have three minutes!"

"I know Kara, just give me another second," the male spartan replied.

"We don't have a second, come on!" Kara grabbed his arm and tried to pull him away from the computer console. He shoved her away.

"Just wait! I need to get all the information I can on these rebels," he said angrily.

With a growl Kara-098 pulled out her pistol and put a round through the console.

"I won't have either of us killed just for some information, now let's go," she yelled as Ryan turned to her angrily.

"Fine."

They turned and ran back towards their ship. The rebel base they were infiltrating was set to blow in less than two minutes. As they rounded a corner their ship came into view and they ran even faster. They jumped the last few feet into the ship and ran for the cockpit. They expertly used the controls to get the craft airborne and flew as fast as possible from the incoming explosion. The ship trembled as the very edge of the shockwave grazed it, but otherwise there was no damage.

"That was a close one," Kara said humorously.

The male spartan turned to her. "Thanks Kara," he said. "For pulling

me away from the computer. You saved my life," he added in reply to her quizzical look.

"Don't get mushy, I was more worried about myself," she told him while laughing. He joined her in her mirth but they both quickly stopped, wanting to get as far away from what could have been their grave.

"You called captain?"

"Ah, Ryan and Kara, just the people I wanted to see. Please, sit," the captain said motioning to a chair.

"I'd prefer to stand," Kara said as Ryan sat down.

"Okay. I called you two down here for another mission. We have received intel of another group of rebels situated in this abandoned building here," he explained while pointing at a 3D map of the city.

"You want us to eradicate them?" Ryan asked.

"You could put it that way. However, try to keep some of them alive for interrogation. And I don't want you blowing up any buildings like yesterday."

"With all due respect sir," Kara interjected. "The explosion wasn't our fault; the rebels set the building to self destruct."

"Yes, I am aware of that. But either way, I still want you to at least try to keep building damage and casualties to a minimum," the captain said with a hint of humor. "You are dismissed."

The Spartans saluted him and went to exit the room. .

"Oh wait. I forgot to tell you," the captain said before they could leave. "You two work fine on your own but I am sending an expert hacker with you, to ensure that you get some information this time."

"Captain, it wasn't our-" Kara started to say.

"I know, it wasn't your fault you couldn't get the information," he cut her off. "But if the rebels set this building for self destruct then we need someone who can get information in a time period of a few seconds."

"Yes sir," the two spartans said, then walked out.

"Well, this is going to be fun," Ryan said sarcastically once they were far away from the room. "We have a rookie tagging along."

"Don't buy him before he's dead, Ryan. He may be really useful."

They reached the ship shortly to find a person standing in front of it. He was about six feet tall, with short black hair and was surprisingly muscular. He was obviously very fit.

"Well, that not quite what I had imagined," Ryan whispered to his partner.

They approached the man and shook his hand.

"I'm Damian," he told them. "And you are?"

"Ryan-252."

"Kara-098."

"Great, should we get going then?"

The pair of soldiers walked past him and onto the ship. Damian followed them and sat down in one of the passenger chairs while Kara sat in the pilot's chair and Ryan sat in the co-pilot's. In moment they were off the ground, flying in the direction of the rebel base.

End
file.